

through a narrow passage, as though impatient for its liberation from an unnatural restraint, and there is what I hesitate to call—a bridge. At all events there is a „ something by which men and beasts can cross the chasm—a rude narrow cradle of heavy branches, filled with stones, quite solid and safe, resting on projections of rock on either side. The Karun, where this Pul-i-Ali-kuh crosses it, is only nine feet six inches in width. I found the zigzag ascent on the right bank a very difficult one, and had sundry falls.

Two hours more brought us to the junction of the Karun and Duab (" two rivers ") above which the former is lost to view in a tremendous ravine, the latter coming down a green valley among high and mostly bare mountains, on a gravelly slope of one of which we camped, for the purpose of ascending a spur of a lofty mountain which overhangs the Karun. On such occasions I take my mule, Suleiman, the most surefooted of his surefooted race, who brings me down precipitous declivities which I could not look at on my own feet. After crossing the Duab, a green, rapid willow-fringed river, by a ford so deep as to be half-way up the bodies of the mules, and zigzagging up a steep mountain side to a ridge of a spur of Kaisruh, so narrow that a giant might sit astride upon it, a view opened of singular grandeur.

On the southern side of the ridge, between mountains of barren rock, snow-slashed, and cleft by tremendous rifts, lying in shadows of cool gray, the deep, bright,

winding Duab flows down the green valley  
which it  
blesses, among stretches of wheat and  
mounds where only  
the forgotten dead have their habitation,—a  
silver thread  
in the mellow light. On the northern side lies  
the huge  
Tang-i-Karun, formed by the magnificent  
mountain Kais-  
ruh on its right bank, and on the left by  
mountains  
equally bold, huge rock-masses rising  
3000 feet per-